

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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For the President.

The dagger of Brutus made the triumvirate and the Roman emperors, and the world was desolated. The knife of Ravillac slew Henry the fourth, and Richelieu devastated France to drive out Protestantism.

The pistol of Booth killed Lincoln, made Johnson President and kept the country in turmoil for years, costing the lives of innocent thousands.

The bullet of Guiteau slew Garfield and made Arthur President and destroyed the republican party.

In every country the assassin-elect ruler has always been the cause of woes innumerable. The given list might be increased to formidable dimensions, but in every instance the result would be found the same.

There seems to be a fatality attending the men called to rule by the assassin's blow.

Perhaps they ought not to be held accountable for the misfortunes which ever attend them.

It may be that nature thus punishes the nation which breeds an assassin.

This is the most charitable construction that can be put upon the conduct of the man who now rules the destinies of fifty millions of people.

"Rules" did we say?

It was a misnomer, we should have said "trifles." The dude who occupies the White House no more "rules" than does the boy who blacks his boots.

He has not the capacity to rule. As a ward politician he was a success—as a statesman, he is a failure.

His powers were limited to the narrow theatre where "the boys" are omnipotent—the heelers and strikers, who manage the politics of a great city in ways that statesmen neither know nor care to understand.

Taken from this congenial atmosphere, by the bullet of an assassin, he is a miserable failure.

Let us have the charity to suppose he only obeys an inscrutable law of nature, "that no assassin-elect ruler shall ever rule wisely."—[Washington Gazette.

Hired Him Not to Marry Her.

The story is being whispered around that some time ago—months, not years—an eminent Boston philosopher felt the need of a wife, presumably to comfort his declining years. Choosing among his lady acquaintances a rather bright woman, possessed of considerable property, and the one who tells this story, he offered himself to her. The lady was presumably surprised; at any rate she refused him decidedly, and, as she thought, finally. He, however, persisted in his wooing so manfully and so vigorously that in desperation she told him that if he would "cease to press his suit she would give him \$1,000," and he took it. Why not? A man capable of marrying for money would be capable of taking a nice little sum to "cease pressing his suit." It is to be hoped the lady gave him the change in Canadian dimes and trade dollars.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Swapping Dollars at the Bar.

Tuesday morning a man, evidently a stranger in this part of the country, entered a saloon on Main street, threw down an American dollar and called for a drink. The bartender waited on him and handed back a Mexican dollar. The man looked first at the dollar and then at the bartender, then in a tone of surprise he asked: "Is this all right, stranger?" The bartender answered in the affirmative. The man gazed around in point-blank astonishment. "Is that the way you do business in this country?" he asked. Again he was answered in the affirmative. "Stranger," said the man, "I'm going to stay here. I've been hunting for this town, lo, these many years. This is the first place I ever saw where a man could swap dollars and get a drink to boot. I'm going to send for my family and all my brothers."—[Laredo (Tex) Times.

The Enterprise says that Reuben Fletcher, of Lee county, has twenty children, of whom seventeen are boys and three girls, all by one wife, who is yet a stout vigorous woman. The youngest is this brood is 17 years old.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

Mr. E. J. Bonserat, a distinguished artist, said to a Courier Journal reporter in speaking of the above great highway: "I think I could spend five years of my life profitably on the Chesapeake and Ohio road between Washington and Lexington, Ky. At many points on the line of this road I saw some of the most magnificent scenery I ever beheld, and I have traveled extensively in Europe. As a triumph of engineering skill, this road, clearing its way through the heart of granite mountains and spanning weird ravines, grim gulches and romantic chasms, challenges enthusiastic encomiums, nor can I withhold my admiration for the genius which conceived and the enterprise which executed this grand pathway amid obstacles apparently insurmountable. For scenic beauty, blending the graceful and picturesque with the rugged and sublime, I repeat, it is unsurpassed in this country or Europe. Emerging from this grand and majestic scenery by a graceful detour, a vision of great beauty, of which the eye never wears, bursts upon the view, meandering through landscapes of teeming loveliness, diversified by groves and dales and meadows, or amid peaceful homes and smiling villages, or along the banks of streams which wind their silvery threads among the adjacent hills; panoramic views are disclosed, adorned by nature when in her most lavish mood. The natural attractions of this great artery are indeed wonderful. It connects historic Virginia, crossing the famous Blue Ridge and Alleghany range of mountains, down the wild and picturesque valleys of Greenbrier, New and Kanawha rivers through the beautiful Bluegrass region of Kentucky. In my opinion it is the finest road I ever traveled on in this or any other country."

Senator Beck's Views.

"The way I view the situation for the next Presidential campaign is this: The majority of the people of the United States are tired of what you might call republican bossism, but do not think yet that we can be trusted. We have a majority of the next Congress, and the result will depend upon what we do. If we organize and go honestly to work to legislate for the good of the whole country, put down monopolies without disturbing industry, carry a genuine reform of the civil service into effect and keep clear of the idea that power is to be used only to reward political friends, we will elect the next President. The contest will be one of ideas of this character, and will not be affected by the differences of opinion on the tariff. Personally I am a liberal trader; some of my friends believe in protection; but these things will not influence us much. The vital questions are so great that I do not care to speak about men. There isn't any one man big enough to stand for them—no one who towers over the others so greatly that he may be looked upon as the only fit man to represent the principles now at issue."

The Government Printing Office at Washington has no rival in the printing art in the world. On one occasion "copy" was turned in from the star-routed trial, which made, when printed, 331 octavo pages. The copy was chiefly original paper and accounts, which could not be cut into "takes," as the files had to be returned to the Postoffice Department. When the court opened the next morning, the volume of 331 pages was upon the tables of the lawyers and the Judge. Another feat, was the completion of what is probably the largest single order for printing issued, namely, 50,000,000 of labels in red ink for the Treasury Department. The job required 1,000 reams of fine paper and \$1,000 worth of red ink. It was completed within six days after the order was received.

An English paper says the wife of a laborer was found recently hanging by the neck from the branch of a tree near her residence, and although evidence brought forward at the inquest pointed clearly to self-destruction, the jury expressed the opinion that her death resulted from inflammation of the bowels and rheumatism in the knees. This verdict does not compare favorably with that made by a Western jury in our own land—"Blode up by a biler"—which, although wanting in literary finish, had the merits of brevity, directness, and harmony with the facts.—[Harper's Weekly.

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Invigorator. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Singular Failure of Justice.

A young rufian was lately put off a train on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, on which he was stealing a ride. He vowed that he would have vengeance. So, watching his opportunity, he placed an obstruction on the rails in front of an approaching train. The locomotive was thrown from the track, and, careering on its side, it pinned beneath it the Master Mechanic of the road, Mr. Hain, who was riding with the engineer and fireman. These latter escaped. The unfortunate man under the engine was literally roasted alive, being able to speak to those who could not rescue him while he suffered his last agonies. The young murderer took to the mountains, where he was received and protected by outlaws who infest that portion of the country. In the face of a powerful resistance from these men the fugitive was arrested and lodged in jail. Impartial people, intent only on the upholding of the laws, hoped that this uncommonly atrocious crime would be punished so severely that its repetition would never be attempted. Did the people of the region where this innocent man was murdered rise en masse, storm the jail, and hang the murderer? Or was he speedily tried and "railroaded" to the penitentiary? No! he was admitted to bail in a small amount, and is now at liberty to wreck more trains and take the lives of other innocent and estimable men. This is what people outside of Pennsylvania call a failure of justice.—[N. Y. Times.

It Took.

A Bowery dealer in clothing got hold of a chap the other day who had a knowing look in his eyes and who strongly objected to paying \$7 for a coat which he had tried on.

"Vhell, I don't say dat it is worth seven dollar," replied the dealer.

"Then why do you ask it?"

"Vhell, my eyes haf got so poor dot nobody can pass badt money on me now. If I sold dot goat for seven dollar I should expect to git one dollar in counterfeit money and two dollar in silver dot vvas plugged oop."

"I guess I'll take it," said the stranger, after a pause, and he scraped the bottom of his pockets and hunted his wallet over for bills.

"Dot is right young man, and I know you wouldn't sheat an ole man mit soe eyes."

The coat was bundled up and the stranger disappeared in a lively manner. The dealer turned to the cash on the counter, carefully examined each piece and there was a heavenly smile on his face as he chuckled out:

"Only ninety cents badt money out some of dot bletny goat enough to put in de children's 'savings bank!'"—[Wall Street News.

Tricks on a Traveler.

Andrew Dam, of the Union Square Hotel, told me a story the other day that is too good to be lost. It appears that among the guests at the hotel was a maiden lady from the rural districts. Dam noticed that about 9 o'clock every night she would come down stairs, get a pitcher of water and return to her room.

"One night," he said, "I made bold to speak to her and asked her why she did not ring the bell for a bell-boy to bring ice-water to her."

"But there is no bell in my room."

"No bell in your room, madam! Pray let me show you, and with that I took the pitcher of ice water in my hand and escorted her to her apartment. Then I pointed to the knob of the electric bell. She gazed at it with a sort of holy horror and then exclaimed:

"Dear me! Is that a bell? Why, the hall-boy told me that was the fire-alarm signal and that I must never touch it, except in case of fire!"

"And that," sighed Andrew "is how the hall-boy saved himself the trouble of going for the ice-water."—[Man About Town in N. Y. Star.

Not long since I took a train on the Bennington & Rutland Railroad, leaving Rutland at 1 o'clock. In front of me sat a lady and a boy. The conductor came along, punched her ticket and asked, "how old is the boy?" "Ten years old to-day," said she. "We collect half fare from all children ten years old or more," said he. The lady hesitated, colored somewhat and said: "He will not be ten until about 10 o'clock to-night." The conductor also colored and passed, while the passengers smiled.

Europe has just produced a crop of beet root sugar estimated at 2,000,000 tons. Two thirds of all the sugar consumed in European countries is produced from the beet root.

The Proper Time to Cut Grass.

The report of the analytical chemist of the department of agriculture, summing up the results of analyses of nearly all the cultivated grasses, says: "It is apparent, then, that in most cases the time of bloom, or thereabout, is the fittest for cutting grasses in order to obtain the most nourishment and largest relatively profitable crops and for the following reasons: The amount of water has diminished and the shrinkage will therefore be less. The weight of the crop will be the largest in proportion to the nutritive value of its constituents. The amount of nitrogen not present as albuminoids will be at its lowest point, fiber will not be so excessive as to prevent digestion, and the nutritive ratio will be more advantageous. If cut earlier, the shrinkage is larger, altho' the fiber is less and albumen is a little larger. The palatability may be increased, but the total nutrients to the acre will not be so large, and the nutritive ratio will be more abnormal. The disadvantages of late cutting are evident in the increase of fiber, destroying the digestibility of the nutrients and the falling off of the albumen by conversion into amides. This is not made up by the larger crop cut."

The Dred Scott Decision.

Many of our readers have seen frequent references to the famous Dred Scott decision without knowing its history. The following will post them: Dred Scott was a negro slave in Missouri, who was taken by his master to Illinois in 1834. There slavery was prohibited, and Scott married and lived there four years. In 1838 his master took him to Minnesota Territory, where slavery was also prohibited by the act of 1820. From there Scott was taken back to Missouri and maltreated. He brought suit for damages, claiming that, by reason of his residence in free territory, he was a free man. His owner denied that he was a citizen or could sue. The Missouri State Court gave judgment in favor of Scott, but after some time the case was appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, which declared that Scott was not a person, but a chattel, and that his owner had a right to take him anywhere in the Union and retain his ownership.

A St. Louis burglar made a clean sweep of all the valuable presents given to the newly married sons of two upper-tens houses. After all the pawnbrokers in the city had refused to advance him anything on the lot he set down and wrote the bridegroom a very insulting letter, charging him with fraud in palming off pot-metal ware on an innocent burglar. He wound up by saying the glittering junk could be found under a certain wood-pile on a certain lot, and hoping that he would have better luck at the silver and golden wedding.—[Philadelphia Press.

It is the first year, according to Geyelin, the domestic hen produces only 15 or 20 eggs; in its second, 100 or more, up to 120; in its third year, from 120 to 135, and here the climax of fertility is reached; in its fourth year, it produces from 100 to 115; in its fifth, from 60 to 80; in its sixth, from 50 to 60; in its seventh, from 35 to 40; in its eighth, from 15 to 20; in its ninth, from 1 to 10. The fertility rises quickly to its summum in the third year of life, and more slowly fades to its disappearance in the tenth year of life.

The highest bridge in the world is said to be the railway viaduct of Garabit, in France, now being erected over a river in the department of Cantal. The bridge has a total length of about 1,880 feet and near the middle of the great centre arch, which is one of the noteworthy features of the structure, the height from the bed of the river to the rail is 413 feet. The viaduct was commenced in 1881 and is to be completed next year. The cost is estimated at about \$600,000.

A successful strawberry raiser near Kansas City, picked 4,500 quarts of berries last season on one acre of ground, that had been subsoiled to the depth of eighteen or twenty inches previous to planting. These he sold for \$1,150 gross. He believes that subsoiling the strawberry ground is the next best thing to irrigation, and that it should always be practiced where irrigation is not feasible.

IMITATION WALNUT.—We have it on good authority that an excellent stain for giving light-colored wood the appearance of black walnut, may be made and applied as follows: Take Brunswick black, thin it down with turpentine until it is about the right tone and color, then add about one-twentieth its bulk of varnish. This mixture, it is said, will dry hard and take varnish well.



SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.
For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath: Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done, a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distaste every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Travelling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by using a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid Malaria, Bilious attacks, Indigestion, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator.

In the House!
For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alternative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GILL SHORTELL, Governor of Ala.
Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial."

"The only thing that never fails to relieve,"—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me as the extract Simmons' Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dr. T. W. Mason says: "From actual experience in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine."

"Take only the Genuine, which always has the wrapper the red & Trade-Mark of J. H. ZEILIN & CO."

BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

What Awful Snobs There Are in Brooklyn.
Talking of tokens and mementoes, &c., what do you suppose I saw in the window of the leading carpet store in Brooklyn the other day? There were a thousand persons crowded around, gazing at a big crimson rug with a blue and gold border, and a card on it saying: "There is the rug President Arthur stood on at the reception in the Academy of Music after the bridge opening." They gazed at it as though it were a god.

"Mr. Smith," I asked the chief salesman in the store, "what is that rug worth?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Why, I can get lots like it at Warp & Wool's for \$50 each."

"Yes; but the President hasn't stood on them. We would have sold this one for \$50 three days ago."

Yesterday I passed the store. The rug was gone. "Did you get \$500 for it?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Smith; "and might just as well have got \$1,000."—[Indianapolis Journal.

In concluding his speech in his recent debate with Mr. Godby, Bro. Briney is reported to have said:

"When I entered in this debate, I did it partially to find out my opponent—Is he a man of honor and candor? I have found him out. I am thoroughly satisfied, and say to you, I am ashamed that I have been caught with him. I wanted to give him a farther test. This I have done and now I am satisfied."—[Old Path Guide.

A young woman married an old widower in Tannerville, Ga., and she soon fell in love with his son, who was about her own age. The matter was fully discussed by the trio, and all agreed that it would be better for her to become the wife of the son. The transfer was amicably made by the means of a divorce. Since then the old man has married the ex-wife's mother and the rearranged family is harmonious and happy.

Catarrh is the seed of consumption, and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Catarrh Cure never fails to cure. Price 75c Sold by Penny & McAllister.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Who can estimate the amount of human suffering caused by only a bad cough? And who the number of lives unnumbered and lost by neglecting just a cough? Brown's Expectant will cure it is cough if given a chance. Price, fifty cents. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

J. T. Morrison, of Worthington, Ind., says one bottle of Brown's Expectant worked like a charm in his family. He is convinced of its wonderful curative qualities. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

WALL PAPER!

TRIMMED AND READY TO PUT ON,

—AT—
M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S

Druggists and Booksellers,
Opera House Block, - - - - - Stanford, Ky

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR,
Stanford, - - - - - Kentucky,

Groceries, Provisions, &c.,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

H. C. BRIGHT,

St. Asaph Block,
STANFORD, - - - - - KY.,

Desires to call attention to the Large and Comprehensive Stock of—
Groceries, Provisions, Confectioneries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.,
Which he keeps always on hand. Makes a specialty of Handling Goods at Wholesale on Small Profits. Goods delivered within town limits free of charge.

Livery, Sale & Feed

STABLE!
AND HARNESS SHOP.

Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

100,000 POUNDS WOOL

Is wanted by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in

COAL!
And can supply it in any quantity.

A. T. NUNNELLEY, Stanford, Ky.

A. OWSLEY & SON,

—DEALERS IN—
Hardware and Groceries, Glassware, Queensware,

Wooden and Willowware, Stoves, Grates and Tinware,

Full line of Pocket and Table Cutlery, Patent and Family Flour, Hames, Traces,

Salt, Lime, Cement, Field Seeds, Plows and Farming Implements. Call and see the genuine Hamilton Plow.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

HEADQUARTERS

—AT—
W. H. HIGGINS'

—FOR—
Shelf Hardware, Iron, Spokes,

Horse Shoe Nails, Buggy Shafts,

Farming Implements,

Such as Oliver Plows, Meikle and Avery Double Shovel, and the Brinkley Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined. No farmer should be without it.

Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking Valley Corn Shellers,

Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn Planters,

And the Best Pump in the Market, the Mayfield Elevator.

The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Step Stoves, Tinware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire,

Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries, Wooden, China and Glassware.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT,
Of Marion.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
CAPT. JAMES R. HINDMAN,
Of Adair.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
P. W. HARDIN,
Of Mercer.

FOR AUDITOR,
PAYETTE BEWETT,
Of Harlan.

FOR TREASURER,
JAMES W. TATE,
Of Franklin.

FOR REGISTER OF LAND OFFICE,
JOHN G. CECIL,
Of Pike.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
JOS. DESHA PICKETT,
Of Fayette.

FOR STATE SENATE, NINETEENTH DISTRICT,
MAJ. F. D. RIGNEY,
Of Casey.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE LINCOLN COUNTY,
JUDGE T. P. HILL, JR.

The Cincinnati Enquirer Wednesday contained six columns of a sensation in regard to the Ashland crime, for which Ellis has been hung and Craft condemned to death with Neal sure to follow, a dozen or more innocent people killed and wounded and the State taxed to the amount of over \$60,000. The gist of the long story is that Detective Barnett has, after two years of unceasing labor, found that his theory of the murder is correct by arresting a negro in Columbus, O., who was found with a ring and other jewelry belonging to the dead girls and who after seeing that denial was of no avail confessed that he and two other negroes committed the rape and murder and that Neal, Craft and Ellis are innocent men. It is believed at Ashland and Catlettsburg, and coincided in elsewhere, that the whole matter has been engineered to save the necks of the miserable rascals, who from the evidence adduced before two juries, so richly deserve the death fixed for their crimes.

The republican papers are telling how an awkward master of ceremonies placed Mr. McDonald and Mr. Hendricks next to each other at a banquet at Indianapolis, and how they sat there for two solid hours without recognizing each other. This is bad if true, but it is natural that these two gentlemen should feel a jealousy of each other. Mr. McDonald should however be magnanimous and seek to bridge the bloody chasm. He is decidedly on top in the Presidential boom and can afford to overlook the ill feeling that Hendricks, who is a dead cock in the pit, evidently entertains for his greatest rival.

The Louisville Commercial, one of the most valued of our exchanges, finding its old presses insufficient to do the work necessary for their rapidly increasing circulation, has purchased a fast new one and is now able to accommodate every body with the best second cent paper in the country. Since Allison, Dinkenspiet and Ridgely have taken hold of it, the Commercial has had a regular boom, and we are delighted to see merit so liberally rewarded.

It is not often that wives hang themselves because they happen to lose their husbands by death, but Mrs. Julia Wheeler at Bridgeport, Ala., was an exception, for the clouds had hardly settled on the grave of her old man before her body was found swinging in the garret from a rope fastened to the rafters. The average wife is too anxious for a chance to win another husband to give way to grief to the foolish extent that Mrs. Wheeler did.

People who pass over the Kentucky bridge of the C. S. R. R. imagine when they look down from their dizzy height to the river below that it is the highest bridge in the world. There are one or two higher and another is being built in France, which will be 413 feet, just 137 feet higher than the Kentucky wonder.

The cost of the Brooklyn Bridge was so great that to enable its owners to make a living profit on their investment \$1,600 per day in tolls must be collected. So far the receipts have not averaged \$500 and it begins to look like the owners had a white elephant on their hands.

The talk about Col. Jones running independently for governor seems to be dying out. We do not suppose the Col. ever entertained seriously such an idea, though a few sore-head democrats and the republicans en masse advised him to "demand his rights at the polls."

The Massachusetts doctors don't hanker after the society of the female Esculapius, and she has been refused admission to their association by a vote of 62 to 58.

The quickest work ever done by a Criminal Court in Kentucky was at Mt. Sterling Wednesday. John Barnett, who was on trial for the murder of Vaughan Helton, finding that one of his party had turned State's evidence, withdrew his plea of not guilty and pleading guilty threw himself on the mercy of the jury, which after a short retirement, returned a verdict of imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. His confederates, five in number, put up the same plea and the same jury in less than an hour's time, had given all of them life sentences for the cowardly murder. Justice to be effective must be quick and sure and these trials will do much to restore law and order in that lawless region.

The Rothschilds own \$400,000,000 United States bonds, or nearly one quarter of all the bonds that are out. They are said to have invested thus heavily for the reason that the political and social systems of Europe are in an uncertain condition. Vanderbilt is still the largest American holder of U. S. bonds, though the amount in his name has decreased during the last year from \$50,000,000 to \$37,000,000. Mrs. A. T. Stewart has \$30,000,000 and Mr. Flood, of California, \$15,000,000.

People would forget that there had ever been a set of men calling themselves a Greenback Party, if one or two of them did not occasionally get together and nominate a candidate for some office. The last heard of this little band of brothers is in Ohio, where they have just nominated one Charles Jenkins for Governor, and a full ticket for the other State offices.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

A mob took a negro rapist from the jail at Hickman, Tuesday night and hung him.

One of the Barnett gang of desperadoes in jail in Mt. Sterling, Ky., has turned informer.

There are thirteen and a half millions of gallons of whisky in bond in the Lexington district.

The Star Route jury is still wrestling with the case, with one or two of them drunk at last accounts.

Fine rains have visited all portions of Virginia and dispelled the gloom produced by the protracted drought.

The estate of the late Henry Bell, at Lexington, has been appraised at \$146,412.11, mostly in L. & N. railroad stock.

The proceedings of the Star-route trial printed in small type cover over 6,000 pages, octavo size, or about 4,250,000 words.

There are 553 patients in the Anchorage Asylum, of which 181 are colored. There were 85 deaths during the fiscal year.

At Lexington Wednesday, Jacob Williams was sentenced to the penitentiary for life for the murder of Frank Pearce at Midway.

The Republican Executive Committee of Mississippi Tuesday, completely ignored Chalmers and declared against the Independents.

The mother of Mary Anderson, the actress, gave birth to a bouncing boy this week. She is over 50 and her husband, Dr. Griffith, is nearly 60.

A wind-storm on Monday night did much damage in some parts of Kansas. In the village of Industry, Clay county, only two hours' work was left standing.

A company of capitalists are prospecting in Tennessee with a view to building a new railroad from Nashville over the Cumberland plateau to Knoxville.

Benj. F. Porter, a brother of General Porter, military commander of the Creek Nation, was found dead in the streets of Okmulgee, Indian Territory, shot through the heart.

Helen Markovitch, who attempted to shoot King Milan, of Bulgaria, in October last, was found dead in prison Sunday at Belgrade. She is supposed to have committed suicide.

Considerable excitement was caused in Lexington by the posting of an erroneous bulletin upon one of the newspaper offices, stating that Phil Thompson had been shot by a brother of Walter Davis.

Ranolph Tucker dropped dead at his residence in Petersburg, Va., aged 72. He left the United States Navy for the Confederate Navy at the beginning of the war, and at the close entered the Peruvian navy.

President H. D. Whitcomb advertises the letting of the graduation, masonry and trestle-work on 38 miles of the upper Kanawha Division of the Ohio Central R. R. Bids will be opened at Charleston, W. Va., June 21.

Robt. Lee, late P. M. at Driskell, Ala., had a man. He forged thirteen names on his official bond for \$20,000 and also the justice's signature and seal. When a government officer went to arrest him for unlawfully dealing in stamps, he shot him twice and killed his horse from under him, after which he quietly walked off and is still at large. He is charged with three murders in Mississippi.

The Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the Woodford Circuit Court, which sentenced Frank Steele to the penitentiary for killing W. G. Welch, and reversed that of the Lyon Circuit Court which gave John Haney a life sentence for killing Albert Gracy.

The reversal was made because the lower Court excluded the dying declaration of Gracy, who said he had brought the trouble on himself and did not blame Haney.

On the 21st of last December, after ruining his daughter, N. L. Dukes shot and killed Capt. A. C. Nutt at Uniontown, Pa. Shortly afterward, he was tried and acquitted. Wednesday afternoon James Nutt, eldest son of Dukes' victim, shot the body in the region of the heart, killing him instantly, and the general verdict will be "served him right."

The Governor has appointed Col. Jas. Flannagan, of Winchester, to succeed Judge B. F. Buckner, of the Tenth Judicial District, who resigned on account of salary.

Gen. Grant has promised to loan a number of art treasures, gathered in different parts of the world, to the Louisville Exposition. He has been assured that such an act will be regarded by the Southern people with especial interest.

On June 30 next, the order of Knights of Honor has been in existence ten years and the day is to be celebrated by appropriate ceremonies. To date the order has paid to sick brothers and to deceased brothers' widows and orphans, \$12,000,000.

Henry Watterson is still in New York and has spent some time with Tilden. He says he is not Mr. Tilden's mouth-piece, but nothing has passed between them which leads him to modify the frequently expressed opinion that no power on earth would induce the Sage of Gramercy to accept the Presidency. There is no mistake however, as to his health having been restored.

A dozen Northern capitalists are trying to lease the Mammoth Cave for twenty years, with all its buildings, &c. and will erect new buildings. They will also fit up one portion of the cavern for theatrical entertainments and as the temperature of the cave is never above 54, and the air is always delightfully still and dry, both audiences and players, in the hottest part of July and August, can be as comfortable as in the coldest city theatre.

General Crook has encamped at Silver Creek sixty miles south of Tombstone. He completely surprised the Indian camps of Chatto and Bonita in a stronghold in the heart of the Sierra Madre, and after a brief skirmish, in which seven Indians were killed, he captured all in the camps. He has altogether three hundred and eighty-three prisoners. He did not lose a single man during the entire expedition. The fight occurred on the 15th of May. The prisoners have about five thousand dollars in money and valuables.

An idiot who believes that Guiteau's course causes it all says: "The death of Dist. Attorney Corkhill's wife was the first event which could be called a fulfillment of Guiteau's prophecy. Juror Hobbs' wife died. Surgeon Gen. Barnes, an important witness, died. Judge Porter's health is said to be wrecked. Marshal Henry, Bailiff Stahl, Detective McElfresh, jail wagon guard, Perry Carson and the driver, James Leonard, were dismissed from service. Mr. Noble, a young and important witness, died. Rev. Dr. Hicks has been libelled. Dr. Gray, another expert, was shot in a Utah asylum and Dr. McDonald has been, or is the subject of investigation in connection with his administration of Wood's Island, N. Y. Mike Shehan, one of the jury has gone crazy."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

"PRAISE THE LORD"

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE, DALSTON, LONDON, E. May 23, '93

Dear Interior:

Fresh from an Exeter Hall "May meeting" let me jot down as best I can, what happened, if per adventure your readers may get some idea of what is going on day and night during this "Merry, merry, month of May," among the English religious workers. For it is quite a National centre--this famous Exeter Hall. All who can afford it, come up, once at least during the period from all parts of the United Kingdom, and many stay the entire month out: Which amount of disputation, I should think, would unfit them from sheer exhaustion, for doing much during the remaining eleven months in the year.

All sorts of good causes, varying from very good to questionable, are represented, but a description of one will answer for all.

This particular meeting in which I had the honor and pleasure of taking part, was the annual gathering of the Wm. Noble wing of the great Blue Ribbon Army. I have before written that the movement is a National one, and given you my judgment of its deeper significance in connection with the good time coming when this nation will recognize her identity with that "Israel." Little is that thought of now, and those who know it, and proclaim it, must be content to be adjudged fanatics, until the truth comes out in popular form. Forlorn hopes will be an indispensable feature of victories for truth, as long as the devil carries things with a high hand.

Well, this part of the Blue Ribbon rally, being duly advertised, hand-billed, corresponded about, choir-rehearsed, came off at last, and was in every sense quite a success, as those most interested declared with much enthusiasm. My own particular part in the programme, was to speak fifteen minutes when my turn came, and the dear LORD gave grace, as He always does, to speak "a word in season." The devil tried to prevent even that, for he made me sick during the morning. But a drop of oil and a word of prayer drove him away, and what would have been a day of fatigue passed with scarcely a sensation of weariness or pain. I was quite busy during the earlier part of the day in arranging for the voyage of dear friends to New York. A few days ago Miss Morsman, of Ocean Grove, New Jersey, with Miss Beach, her fellow-worker at the Faith Cure, and Miss Sallie Lindenberg, our dear friend of former days, from Louisville, Ky., came to the city from Italy and Switzerland. The two former go on to America, while Miss L. remains for awhile in London. They sail on the "City of Rome" from Liverpool, Wednesday. I had scarcely finished the necessary preliminaries for their voyage, and was eating dinner with the pleasing prospect of a comfortable afternoon of rest before the night meeting, when a message from dear Bro. Noble summoned me to Exeter Hall, where a Blue Ribbon conference was being held. I bolted my food, and was off in hot haste for the "scene of action" which I found no unmeaning phrase in this case. I was sorry afterwards that I had not eaten my dinner in peace. It found a rather stormy debate going on. It is the old story of all religious movements, after they get under good headway--the devil tempting brethren to "fall out by the way." An ancient tetotal was on his feet when I entered, declaiming against

modern innovations, and stoutly upholding the "old paths." It grieved his honest old soul to find himself comparatively stranded while younger men were heading a movement in which he once was an honored leader. And so the old, old scene was once more enacted.

And then was a strife among the disciples, as they walked by the way as to who should be greatest." If this was the base of the "College of the Apostles," is it any wonder it should be the curse of Synods, Presbyteries, Conferences, Convocations, Councils and what not? I have seen so much of it, in my time, among the best of men, that I was not surprised to find it creeping into the Noble Blue Ribbon movement. At the close of a hot discussion, Bro. Noble came in with a closing speech, just like himself--and which proved to be oil upon the waters, for the LORD gave a meeting right on the heels of this unbrotherly strife, full of power and blessing. All of which emphasizes the glorious fact that the LORD does not disdain to use very "earthen vessels" to bear His priceless gospel "treasure;" and that thus using us, He is not for a moment to be supposed as endorsing us in all our ways.

Some of these may be very hateful to Him, and yet He will use us. Yes, and praise us too as far as He can. When He called Job the best man He had on earth; knowing, as we do, how poorly he endured, and how much that was wrong cropped out of him under trial, we feel that his approval as the best man in the world was any thing but a compliment to the rest of mankind. But we also learn the sweet lesson that the dear LORD is good, if we are bad, and that He puts up with a lot of chaff for the sake of the grains of wheat He knows to be at the bottom of the heap, and lovingly recognizes the good there is in us, in spite of the evil with which it is mixed. There is nothing that gives one more comfort in its way than the word "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." Surely He does, and loves and uses us notwithstanding all.

Exeter Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by the Blue Ribbonites. Stevenson Blackwood, Esq., so well known thro' his book to many in America, was in the chair. He is a man of superb presence, tall, symmetrical in form and very handsome in face. He has carried the simple gospel of the grace of God into many a drawing room in the West-End;--for he is an aristocrat--and one of the few "nobles" ones that are "called." The choir had 500 voices in it--volunteers and solos were rendered by Miss Mary Davies,--a lovely Welsh young lady, of great personal attractiveness and the voice of an angel. Hers was also volunteer service. The speakers, after the Chairman, who always makes the opening address at these stereotyped gatherings, were first a clergyman of the Church of England; then Dr. Monroe Gibson, formerly of Chicago, who has now a Presbyterian church in London; then the "Mountain Evangelist," then a Counsellor at Law; and last and best Bro. Noble. The audience was in the best of humor; clapped and applauded vociferously on the least provocation; and left no one to complain that they were not applauded. A British audience will have its way in this. In vain you raise a deprecating hand, or utter a mild protest. They will applaud your very remonstrance, with deeper emphasis.

An instance of this occurred during the meeting I am describing that will illustrate the matter. Mr. Blackwood after announcing that Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland had donned the blue ribbon, which "brought down the house" uproariously, went on to remark that he had another item of intelligence, "I am credibly informed, that even now the Government has, laid before it--(renewed applause) a memorial (storm of prolonged ditty).

Mr. Blackwood waving his hand, "You are all wrong (applause) wait till I am done before you applaud," (renewed clapping) "A memorial" (storm of approval) "A memorial, (such a din that he had to wait for it to subside before going on) "from the brewers, spirit dealers and licensed victuallers of Sheffield (roars of good humored laughter), praying that relief may be granted from the fanatics (roars) who are obstructing the course of trade, (laughter) damaging the revenue (hear, hear, and laughter) and bringing ruin upon honest industries." (prolonged cheering)

And so it went on all the evening. Ten o'clock was almost on us before the assembly adjourned. After the inevitable collection, which did not pay expenses by 30 pounds. I preached a little sermon on the real meaning of the Blue Ribbon as given in Numbers XV; alluded to the National feature of the movement, without obtruding on the subject of the Nation's Identity with lost Israel; as many were not "able to bear" that; then showed them that as Blue was God's Love Color from the beginning, it ought to stand with us for His greatest Love gift--Jesus: so that a blue ribbon need not remind me of what I had done--my pledge--my purpose; but of what God had done, and what Jesus had power to do, since His resurrection from the dead with "all power in heaven and on earth" committed to Him, so that the drunkard need not despair as he looked on the little blue token--for Jesus could and would take away his appetite for strong drink; the backslider need not fear to say "rejoice not over me O mine enemy; for when I fall, I will arise again," instead of being discouraged and yielding to the devil's temptation not to "try again" for did not the "ribbon of blue" tell of the dear Jesus, who "seventy times seven" a day, would take us back if we but returned to Him. And that is the only way one can "wear the blue" and not be ashamed of it at times. As a token of my purpose to abstain from intoxicating liquors, the power of it would soon weaken; but once let it be a sign of what Jesus would do for me, instead of what I would do for Him, and every day would witness a stronger desire to "wear His colors."

The dear LORD gave me favor with the people, and when I asked Bro. Noble to put a blue ribbon on me, then and there, as the lively of my trust in what Jesus had done and would do for me; and while doing it took him in my arms with a good old fashioned hug, to mark my personal affection and gratitude to him, the unpre-

meditated act seemed to "get away" with John Bull, for you would have thought the roof was being lifted with the deafening succession of plaudits, in the midst of which I sat down. When the public can hear it, and the LORD opens the way, I shall put it in the shape of the blue cross, I mentioned in my last. For this Blue Ribbon movement (mark it well), will surely culminate in the English recognition of their Identity with lost Israel. Meanwhile it will cost us something to wear the blue in England and America; but the "Well done" is not far ahead, and "for the joy set before us," we may like one of old "endure the cross" as "seeing Him who is invisible" to other eyes. What an honor! We begin at Highgate, Friday night, if the LORD will. I think we shall be in the "provinces" soon, as all outside great London is called. At least Marie and I will. We shall keep our lodgings at Bro. Griffith's as "headquarters," and a few hours by rail can bring the family to any point in the "United Kingdom," if it be desirable they should join us. We have not here the "magnificent distances" of America, and cannot be far separated, as there.

Pray for us dear friends, that "utterance may be given." That is all. Ever in Jesus. GEO. O. BARNES.

Garrard County DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. R. WEST, Editor.

LANCASTER.

Mr. Sam Peacock and family left Monday afternoon for Estill Springs. Mr. Peacock will have charge of the Springs during the coming season.

FOR SALE--A double seated Phaeton, made by the celebrated Seller Carriage Co. of Versailles. It is as good as new, has been used but little. Apply to J. M. Logan, Lancaster.

The second shooting match between the Stanford and Lancaster Shooting Clubs took place on the grounds of the latter at this place on last Tuesday evening, resulting in a victory for the Lancaster club by 11 balls.

Mr. Cicero Price received yesterday four Southdown sheep, three ewes and one buck, out of imported ewes and by an imported buck. We are glad to see the increasing interest in pure bred stock in our county.

Corn is getting considerably in the weeds. The continuous rains have kept the ground too wet to plow for more than a week. Farmers fear that the wheat will be spoiled by the rust if there is not some dry weather soon. The tobacco crops have all been replanted and are looking finely.

The Treasurer of Garrard county has just sold the bonds issued in May 1883 by the County Judge to pay the subscription of "A certain defined portion" of the county made in pursuance to an act of the Legislature approved April 15, 1882, to the Lancaster and Buckeye Turnpike Road Company. The amount subscribed was \$3,000 payable in six annual instalments of \$500 each. The bonds sold for their face value and accrued interest. The sale was postponed on account of threatened litigation until the 12th inst., when all fear of litigation was allayed. The sheriff has sufficient money collected to pay the first bond, and the total realized including accrued interest will be near \$3,200. This makes sufficient to complete the road and it will soon be finished. A sgle was also made at the same time of like bonds of another portion of the county for the benefit of the Poor Ridge and Sugar Creek Turnpike Road Company.

Excited Thousands All over the land are going into ecstasy over Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their unlooked for recovery by the timely use of this great life-saving remedy causes them to go nearly wild in gratitude. It is guaranteed to positively cure severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Trial Bottles free at Penny & McAlister's Drug Store. Large size, \$1.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST, LANCASTER, KY. Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY. Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. (184-178)

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY. Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

Landreth's Garden Seeds

In Bulk, and the Nicest Line of FURNITURE

In Lancaster at the "ENTERPRISE GROCERY,"

LANCASTER, KY.

Proprietors: GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,

Penny & McAlister

PHARMACISTS



Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles. Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded. Also

JEWELERS!

Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

A FEW FACTS

For Farmers!

If You Want a Reaping or Mowing Machine

Made of the Very Best Material, buy the Champion.

If you want the Most Durable Machine, buy the Champion. If you want a Machine which has done good service in this county for "22 consecutive years," buy the Champion.

If you want the Strongest and at the same time the Lightest Running and best balanced Machine, buy the Champion. If you want a Machine that will harvest successfully every variety of crops, under the most unfavorable circumstances, buy the Champion.

If you want a Machine for cutting Barley, Oats, Wheat, Rye or Clover that any two horses can pull, buy the Light Center-Cut Champion Reaper.

If you want a Machine that will do good service in any kind of grass or clover, buy the Champion Mower.

If you want a Machine to trim a hedge, buy the New Champion Mower.

Call on us for good reading matter free, and look at our Machines, whether you wish to buy or not. Respectfully,

BRUCE, WARREN & CO.

THE QUICKEST

AND CHEAPEST WAY

TO CLEAN WEEDY CORN

Is to procure

A Kalamazoo or Albion Spring Tooth Harrow and Cultivator.

One Man and One Horse. With the one-horse Cultivator, can thoroughly clean the weeds out of five acres of corn per day.

One Man and Two Horses. With the Sulkey Harrow and Cultivator, can clean ten acres of corn per day.

Price of one-horse Cultivator, - - \$10

Price of two-horse Cultivator, - - \$40

FOR SALE BY--

GEO. D. WEAREN,

STANFORD, KY.,

Green & Williams, Hustonville, Ky.,

W. L. Withers, Lancaster, Ky.,

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LANCASTER, KY.

FLOWERS.

BY DOSE TERRY COOK.
Her little prayer at night she said,
Then looked with wistful eyes,
Half tenderly and half afraid,
Up to the stars above,
For daily bread, no prayer she said,
She asked the heavenly powers,
"Please, God!" she whispered low again,
"Divine me my daily flowers!"
Her daily flowers, her daily days,
In one bright garden, she saw,
And like a flower in all her way,
The dimpled creature grew.
At face and sweet a tiny maid
As any new-born blossom
That dawn and dew's soft breath perfume
From mother earth's broad bosom.
And flowers like the darling loved;
She bore the fragrant band,
Where'er she played, where'er she roved,
In apron or in hand.
And while she prayed, with look aghast
As if she asked a treasure
Too great for God to give her,
For just her daily flowers!
The kindly word, the smile serene,
The greeting of good-morrow,
The brotherhood in speech and mien,
That soothes our common sorrow.
These human blossoms of the heart
Give to our daily need!
Dear Lord! are not these too a part
Of Thine immortal feeding?
And back the sudden answer fell:
"White! or My hand hath given
My constant love and care to tell,
It truly bread from heaven."

THE AGE OF ICE.

There was a time when the world wasn't as hot as it is now. Ages ago all North America and all Northern Europe lay sleeping within a covering of ice. This cool covering was in many places over half a mile thick. Rivers of ice, 3,000 feet deep, leveled up the valleys even with the hill tops, and flowed on and on slowly over the ground toward the oceans. All the shallow seas and ocean were frozen solid to the bottom. Where groups of islands are strung along the coasts now, all was then one solid mainland. The intervening waters were frozen into an iron-hard mass. The world was ice-locked. All this geologists have found out by their learning.

Snow falling year after year upon the mountain tops lay without melting. Constant accumulation from above pressed it together till it became ice. The same pressure forced it on down through the valleys. Along the shores of the continents gigantic ice walls were formed, since in no part of the sea was the water deep enough to float the masses away. From time to time, huge pieces of these walls crumbled away and fell into the water. Then mountains of ice stood about the wall. In our day Dr. Hayes saw off the coast of Greenland an iceberg around in water nearly half a mile deep. His estimate was that it weighed 2,000,000,000 pounds. What an ice-house it would have made!

Just such a solid, frozen wall as reared its front around the coasts of Europe and North America is seen to-day, on the northern limit of the Antarctic continent. Sir J. C. Ross sailed along its edge for a distance of 450 miles, and found it unbroken by a single inlet. Europe and America were surrounded, well-nigh overwhelmed, by an Arctic ocean, filled with ice-rafts and icebergs a mile high. The same processes now in operation among the great glaciers of the Alps were going on then on a gigantic scale. Above the snow-line in the Alps, the constant accumulations of frozen vapors are still squeezing the snow beneath into ice. It is pressed together into the valleys, and the great ice rivers still crawl slowly, almost imperceptibly, onward to the sea, melting in summer, and leaving great rows of scratched stones and debris.

The whole interior of Greenland presents to-day the same appearance the present civilized world did during the glacial period. It is wholly buried underneath a great weight of ice and snow, which levels up valleys and sweeps over hills in its creeping, mysterious progress toward the ocean. Where it reaches the margin of the sea, a great, awful wall of ice stands, 300 feet above the sea level. How far down into the water it goes, nobody knows. Nobody ever went down to sea.

Human foot has scarcely left a track in the snow in this deadly cold interior region. "All is one dead, dreary expanse of white," says Geike. In a space of country six times as large as the whole British empire, not a live creature, man, beast or bird, is to be seen. The cold is too intense. Not a sound is ever heard, save only when the storm whistles through the snow and ice crags.

During explorers in ships have from time to time skirted along the Greenland ice wall. They speak of the scene as splendid and terrible beyond description. Sometimes the wall sleeps white and still in its everlasting fetters of frost. Or a little wind will come, and whistling clouds of snow dust down from the ice cliffs. Anon the silence will be broken by a deafening crash. A hill of ice breaks off from the glacier and tumbles into the ocean, causing the sea to "boil like a pot." An explorer in this part of the world was once waked up in the morning by a sailor, who gave him the appalling information that the fire had all gone out, and that "the mercury was clear down to the ball." Their coffee in the coffee pot was frozen hard as a stone. Their biscuits were like so many leaden bullets. It was a thrilling moment. After much tribulation they managed to start a fire. Even wood was frozen and refused to burn. Final-

ly, when things were getting thawed out, they looked at their thermometer and found it had gone away up till it was only 40 degrees below zero. It was growing warm and comfortable.

The reports of the voyages of Nordenskiöld are among the most interesting accounts ever given of the region of eternal snow. He started on his last trip along the northern shore of Asia, in midsummer, 1878. His ship, the Vega, was provisioned for two years. They laid in a plentiful supply of lemon juice and cranberry sauce, and other things that were sour and cooling. On Aug. 19 they sighted the northernmost point of the old world, Northeast cape. For several days previous they had been enveloped in fog, but suddenly on this day the cold clouds parted. The peak of the old cape lighted up splendidly. They neared the cliffs and fired a cannon salute. As they came still nearer they saw a huge polar bear standing upon a glittering iceberg making faces at them.

But a field of ice barred their progress. After trying ineffectually to force their ship through it they finally gave up, and anchored to an ice-floe. Afterward it got so hot, however, that the temperature of the water a little ways down into the ocean was only one degree below zero. In these high northern latitudes fresh meat will stay frozen hard as iron for untold hundreds of years. The bodies of Siberian mammoths have been found, imbedded in ice, as fresh as when the animal breathed its last expiring sigh, though the Lord knows how many ages ago that event actually took place. Dogs ate the flesh of one of these mammoths with as much relish as though it had been fresh-killed.

After waiting a while longer, during the interesting summer weather, Nordenskiöld and his men chopped the brave little Vega out of the ice with axes, and got her away.

They soon afterward were frozen in for the winter. But it wasn't so very bad. Even on the 21st of December they enjoyed five hours of blessed sunshine. They spent a jolly Christmas with the thermometer only -35 degrees. Indeed, it never went lower than 46 degrees below zero. During his voyage of 1872-3, the same navigator wintered at Spitzbergen, in 80 degrees north latitude. The sun disappeared Oct. 22. It stayed cool and dark till February. The darkness made the temper bad. In Cincinnati it is observed that 101 degrees above zero in the shade has the same effect. When the light came back the explorers looked at one another and found that the faces of all had a pale yellowish green tint, the color of a lank potato sprout in a cellar.

Fogs of brilliant ice-crystals hung over the ground during April. They saw gorgeous mock suns. Beautiful ice-blocks bobbed about in a frisky manner all summer. For really cool and refreshing reading in hot weather, however, we can not do better than to turn to Capt. C. F. Hall's Arctic explorations. He mentions sitting up in bed, in his snow-house, and writing in his journal when the mercury outside the hut went down to 52 degrees below zero. While his ship was frozen in on the northern coasts, he took a pleasure tour in sledges across the country in the month of January. He took three pounds of Cincinnati cracklings along for soup. He says the soup was excellent.

One part of the story is tolerably stiff, as suits a frozen region. The Captain wears a long, heavy beard. His breath coats his whiskers with frost. Finally they froze in a solid mass together, hard and unyielding as a poker. He wished to take his reindeer jacket off over his head, but the hard mass of ice and beard prevented. Finally he took out his knife, in a desperate state of mind, and hacked off chunk after chunk of whiskered ice, till he was finally enabled to remove his jacket.

During the time they took this sleighing party over the frozen continent, a terrible storm came up. Great cracks of ice yawned beneath them. The wind whistled with such fury, and the ice beneath them cracked so alarmingly, that they expected every moment they and their "igloo," or snow-house, would be hurled into half a mile of ice-water.

Capt. Hall discovered an island which he named Bishop island. The explorers used to take walks in the fresh air for their health, with the mercury at 40 degrees. They made journeys over broken ice floes. Sometimes they stepped into a treacherous crack, which would immediately widen, and plunge them into deadly cold weather below. March 17, with the mercury at -12 degrees, they witnessed a phenomenon. Showers of snow fell from a perfectly clear sky, so clear that they could look up and see the stars shining through the rain of snow crystals.

They frosted their heels and their noses. Once, being very thirsty, Capt. Hall chipped off some bits of ice from an iceberg and put them into his mouth. He tells us it froze his mouth fast. -Cincinnati Commercial.

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

There had been a great deal of bad feeling between two Galveston families; hence, there was much surprise when they intermarried. A friend, in speaking to the father of the bride, asked if the families had made friends.
"Not a bit of it. I hate every bone in my son-in-law's body."
"Why did you let him marry your daughter, then?"
"To get even with him. I guess you don't know that girl's mother as well as I do."
A man often stubs his toe on the threshold of success.
James Flinn, Louisville, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and find it to be the best of remedies for indigestion and impure blood."

A RIFE OLD AGE.

A Maryland-born colored woman, living at Syracuse, has hair as white as snow. But, then, she has passed a century of life, being in her 102d year. She is a cripple from a fall about a year ago, but otherwise as well as ever.

Although Mrs. Joseph Smar is in her 90th year, she is visiting her daughter in Troy, N. Y., and delights in short pleasure trips. She is in excellent health, has good eyesight, and reads a great deal. She is of active temperament, and never ill.

The daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Bowman, who died at Corydon, Ind., recently, in her 104th year, witnessed many encounters between the pioneers and the Redskins, as her parents moved into the country of the Shawnee Indians when she was a little girl.

"Aunt Polly," Jerome, of New London, Ct., died recently, aged 103 years. Her mental qualities were but little clouded; she was not afflicted with deafness, as people of her age usually are; was always cheerful and contented, and enjoyed the companionship of friends.

Mrs. Mary Jane Rozelle, of Oswego, N. Y., died recently after 106 years of life. She was married seventy-five years ago and has been the mother of fifteen children. Her husband died in 1864, aged 110. Up to a few days before her death she was physically and mentally active.

For forty years a centenarian ex-soldier, who recently died in a Russian village, was stone blind. He continued his business of tailor up to the day of his death, threading his needle by means of his tongue. His sense of touch was so acute that he could distinguish the denominations of bank notes with his fingers.

When Mrs. Elizabeth Bowman, of Corydon, Ind., departed this life not long ago, she was the oldest inhabitant of the State. She was a native of Pennsylvania, and reached the astonishing age of 105 years. She was the mother of eleven children, the grandmother of forty-nine, the great-grandmother of 155, and the great-great-grandmother of 33.

New Orleans has an old German woman, known as "Grosmutter," who became a centenarian last Christmas. Her comical stories, about old times in Germany, created great merriment, and the neighbors flock to her house to listen to them. She sews and reads without the aid of glasses. She had two husbands, and brought up sixteen children, only one of whom is a girl.

It is gratifying to learn that Niagara has been in a measure abandoned as a summer resort. People go there, stop and look, and hurry away from the worst lot of extortionists upon the globe. The hotels have put down their prices hoping to encourage a return of old times. But the old residents of Niagara falls will have to die or move away before the traveling world will stop any longer than they can help, where "gouge" is written over every door-post and bridge, and hanging to every hackman and porter's coat-tail. To be severely let alone is what they need at Niagara. People who fence off view and sell them for \$1, and look mad, because they can't charge for the air the visitor breathes, are not pleasant for steady company.

The total amount of money expended by the Government in the District of Columbia for all purposes from July 16, 1790, to July 30, 1876, is \$92,112,395. This sum was divided as follows:

City of Washington	\$17,184,021
Capitol	1,575,847
White House	1,640,448
Purchase of works of art	802,569
Botanic garden	722,813
Department of State, etc.	4,389,940
Treasury Department	7,062,192
War Department	2,044,063
Navy Department	2,992,136
Postoffice Department	2,124,504
Department of Agriculture	3,174,492
Smithsonian Institution	2,385,439
Patent Office	13,197,908
Bureau of Education	4,732,448
Penal institutions	4,418,235
Courts	78,495
Quarantine	4,090,242
Fire Department	104,225
Canals	807,413
Bridges	1,260,568
Public grounds	1,867,537
Streets and avenues	5,715,294
Louis, reinforcements, etc.	6,227,220
Miscellaneous	\$3,665,400

OLD MAN UMBRELLA.
Old Si laid his umbrella down on a counter in a store. When he got ready to go out the clerk was missing. He turned to some dorkies near and said:
"What's that umbrella dat I put dare on dat counter?"
"We didn't see it," replied one.
"Mebbe so, but I mightily 'spects dat some ob yer fell hit."
"No, we didn't, neither."
"Don't yer fool wid me, now, 'kase I hain't gwine to git out no hapus corpus fer dat umbrella!"
"Here's yer parasol, Si!" said the merchant, who had put it down to keep the drippings off the counter.
"Ah! dat's all right, boss; but dis here umbreller 'bout de wharabouts ob a umbreller sorter riles a man. I was jes gittin' ready, of one ob dese niggers gaw away wid dat awnin', ter roll him in dat water out dar tell steen wouldn't start on him of yer sot him agin a house afire!"

The rim of the homogeneous wheel, as it is called, is cast from melted scrap of wrought iron and steel. As soon as it has cooled sufficiently to "set" it is taken from the mold and placed in another and the centerpiece is cast of the best wheel iron. The two metals are thus firmly welded together.

In the overglades of Florida has been found a species of wild coffee, and it has been demonstrated that coffee may be raised there equal to the best imported. One of our best citizens would say to the public that he has tried Hall's Catarrh Cure and it is all that is claimed for it. Price 75c per bottle, at Penny & McAlister's.
H. D. HONOL, Dayton, Ky., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters very successfully and can recommend it as a valuable tonic."

ICE AND ICE-CREAM.

The use of ice as a luxury, in the form of ice-cream or of iced water, is becoming more prevalent in this country. Used in these ways, they are generally taken, especially by the young, recklessly, without a thought of any serious, possibly fatal, results that may follow.

An average stomach has an immense deal to do to digest three full meals a day; especially when, as is frequently the case, it is disturbed and irritated by food that is indigestible because of its quality or quantity. Let it be remembered that there is nothing in the body—blood, muscle, membrane, bone, tendon, nerve, brain or secretions—which has not come of the contents of the stomach. Neither is there a thought, a feeling, an emotion, a volition or an act which has not derived the material force back of it from the stomach.

Such an organ must, therefore, be highly organized. It has countless arteries, veins, nerves and glands. It is lined with a delicate mucous membrane, as much so as the air tubes.

It is studded all over with glands which elaborate and pour into it that wonderful fluid, gastric juice. Its coats consist of different layers of muscles arranged crosswise, and these are constantly at work, giving it that peculiar rolling motion by which the food is thoroughly mixed with saliva. Every organ and muscle when in motion must have a special supply of blood. This is especially true of the stomach.

Food, therefore, fails to digest if the blood is withdrawn from the stomach, as, for instance, to the brain by study, or close thought, or by anxiety, immediately after eating.

Now, it is the nature of cold to contract all blood vessels and drive back the blood, and to paralyze, more or less, all nerves. Of course, the flow of gastric juice is checked and digestion is arrested and the proper motion of the stomach interfered with by the ice-cold fluid introduced into it.

Further, when the reaction sets in the blood vessels become over-distended, producing often a dangerous congestion and an increased thirst, with a demand for more ice-water, thus inducing a "vicious circle."

From what we have said any reader can see that ice water or ice-cream should not be taken into the stomach at the same time with food. Serious consequences often follow a disregard of this physical law.

THE NEWSPAPER IN A FARM-HOUSE.

People who live near the great thoroughfares, where they have access to two or three dailies and a half dozen weeklies, do not fully appreciate the value of a newspaper. They come, indeed, to look upon them as necessities, and they would as cheerfully do without their morning meal as their morning mail. But one must be far off in the country, remote from "the maddening crowd," to realize the full luxury of a newspaper. The farmer who receives but one paper a week does not glance over its columns hurriedly, with an air of impatience, as does your merchant or lawyer. He begins with the beginning and reads to the close, not permitting a news item or an advertisement to escape his eye. Then it has to be thumbred by every member of the family, each one looking for things in which he or she is most interested. The grown-up daughter looks for the marriage notices, and is delighted if the editor has treated them to a love story. The son who is just about to engage in farming, with an enthusiasm that will carry him far in advance of his father, reads all the crop reports and has a keen eye for hints about improved modes of culture. The younger members of the family come in for the amusing anecdotes and scraps of fun. All look forward to the day that shall bring the paper with the liveliest interest, and if by some unlucky chance it fails to come it is a bitter disappointment. One can hardly estimate the amount of information which a paper that is not only read but studied can carry into a family. They have, week by week, spread before their mental vision a panorama of the busy world, its fluctuations and its vast concerns. It is the poor man's library, and furnishes as much mental food as he has time to consume and digest. No one who has observed how much those who are far away from the places where men most congregate value their weekly paper can fail to join in invoking a blessing on the inventor of this means of intellectual enjoyment. -Cedar Rapids Republican.

AVOID SUBJECTS OF DISPUTATION.

Don't set up any subjects of dispute in your house. From frequent dispute there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. If people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said: "Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of the domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth law. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end to one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

When a Boston man invites you to dinner, and heads a postscript N. B., he means "no beans."

PLAIN TRUTHS.

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the only sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

Brown's Iron Bitters will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively not injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eust St., Baltimore, Md.
Gentle:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter began to take one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A sixth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonic was required," and when informed that she was taking Brown's Iron Bitters, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

Brown's Iron Bitters effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

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J. L. WATERBURY.

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